IN YE OLD DAYS OF YE WASHINGTON TOWN PUMP

Some Famous Water Raising Engines of Wood, Green Painted and Acorn Topped That Were Landmarks in Their Time, and Stood High in the Affections of Their Many Patrons.

High School Boys Believe in Pure Wate r.

A Cooling Draught at Recess.

Legends of the Old City Hall Well, Which Was in its Prime Long Years Ago. A Veteran Thirst Quencher That Was Much Loved By Bench and Bar and Was a Favorite With Statesmen.

THERE was a time, within the memory of the present generation, that this beautiful city of ours was dotted over with pumps, not hydrants, a few of which today draw water from artesian wells and cold flowing springs in places where their older-fashioned predecessors were located, but pumps, picturesque pumps, green painted, with a giant wooden acorn as a top piece adornment, long iron handles with a knob at the end of them, and a deep bowled ladle, which swung by a chain and from which thirsty mortals might quaff pure draughts of clear and sparkling water. Now, with a few exceptions, these have gone, giving way, with the well diggers and pump makers, to the march of modern progress.

These pumps were landmarks in their day, and stood high in the affections of the folk who lived and had their being within their respective bailiwicks.

Patronized by Webster.

One among the best known of all these old water raising engines was the City Hall pump, located immediately in the rear of that famed temple of justice. Its fame was widespread, and the old iron handle was almost constantly doing service, particularly in the summer time. Judges, jurors, and lawyers were not averse on their way to courts, to stop at the weather-beaten friend of the thirsty and partake of its hospitality. Daniel Webster, who lived on D Street, just around the corner, had a partial feeling for the City Hall pump, and frequently, in early summer mornings, could be seen wending his way among the silver poplar trees, across the City Hall lot—there was no Judiciary Square in those halcyon days—to drink deep of its invigorating waters. It has even been said that the grand old statesman has on some occasions not thought it beneath his Senatorial dignity to put his head under the spout and deluge himself with waters from the depths below. This, however, does not appear in the records, and may be taken for what it is worth.

There was a measure of pathos also surrounding this old aquatic monument. Just opposite that portion of the City Hall in those times, and, of course, opposite the old pump, and within the distance of a bowshot, was the old jail, and more than one condemned man as he was taken back after sentence had been pronounced upon him for his crimes has imbibed his last drink of water in the open air at the City Hall pump.

The neighbors all around loved this old landmark almost as if it possessed an animated being. The purity of the waters it gave forth were by some regarded as a panacea for almost all the ills that flesh is heir to. They were believed to have been endowed with various mineral ingredients that would cure almost any malady with which the human frame could be afflicted, and there can be no doubt that in scores upon scores of cases, when they threw all other physic to the dogs and relied upon the prescriptions from the old pump, their faith worked wonders.

A Legend of "Bradley's Pump.'"

Not far from this old monarch among pumps was another of its brothers, located on what was then known as Four-and-a-half Street and now bearing the more euphonious and dignified name of John Marshall Place. This was generally known as Bradley's pump by reason of the fact that it was located in close proximity to the residence, on the corner where Indiana Avenue and Louisiana Avenue meet, of the late revered and distinguished counselor, Joseph Bradley. This, in common with pumps in general, supplied a sweet and sparkling water. In the neighborhood there resided a distinguished member of Congress from one of the Western States, and it was the delight of this gentleman on warm summer evenings just before retiring to cross the way and enjoy two or three refreshing bumpers. Once, a summer night long days gone by, this gentleman as he stepped with goblet in hand to refresh himself with a liberal draught of nature's unadulterated wine, met a brother solon, also from the West, armed and equipped with one of those old-fashioned, broad-gauged, bulging blue jugs. The man with the goblet was glad to see the man with the jug, and a pleasant colloquy ensued.

"Good evening, colonel," said the goblet-bearer to the handler of the jug, "going to indulge in a drink? Have one with me."

"No, thank you; no, much obliged, judge, I'm goin' to have a drink, sah, several I hope. There's a lot of my constituents in my room and I'm goin' to concoct a punch that would make old Bacchus mad with envy, and, I think judge, there's no finer foundation for a grand old Bourbon whisky punch than the water that comes out of this spout. Will you join us?" he added with genuine hospitality.

The judge declined with thanks, drank his usual dose of the nectar furnished by Bradley's pump, the colonel filled to the brim his bulging blue jug, capable of holding four full quarts, and they went their respective ways. Whether the colonel went back to the pump in the morning for a less fiery quencher than that with which he and his friends regaled themselves on the night before history has not recorded.

The War and Navy Fount.

Another famous old wooden fountain had its location between the War and Navy Department buildings before those old ante-bellum structures were forced to give place to the ornate marble pile that is now located on that acre or more of territory. Far back beyond the days of the Floyds and Touceys the heads of these respective departments have not thought it a lessening of dignity to quench their thirsts at this old spring. General Grant's headquarters were just opposite, and the writer remembers very well on one occasion noticing the great soldier with his old friend Tecumseh Sherman going together from the War Office to the Navy Department stopping on their journey and regaling themselves in democratic style from the long-handled iron dipper that hung by a chain from the side of the pump.

Known by Their Names.

The roster of pumps in Washington that came within the realm of nomenclature was a long one. There was the pump on Louisiana Avenue, near Tenth Street; the Northern Liberties pump, so named because it was in the immediate vicinity of the Northern Liberty engine house; the old "Big 6," as the adherents of that veteran volunteer fire engine company loved to call it, and the Dumbarton Street pump—though that was in Georgetown—and whole companies, battalions, and regiments of pumps. You couldn't throw a stone without hitting one. Where are they now?

Some few folks in the days of yore had pumps on their private premises, and some of these had the bad taste to whitewash them, thus scaring at the midnight hour belated travelers as they wobbled home, and by their specter-like appearance, many colored folks out after hours who thought ghosts were in their paths. There was one citizen, with a pull, who resided on the corner of Fifth and P Streets. Within a stone-throw of his place, which was far in the country at that time, there was a burying ground for negroes. He put in a well and pump, and strange to say, residents far away came there to get water. It was good and pure and sweet, and in no way contaminated by its proximity to the dead.

A Noted Trysting Place.

There was one a pump at the northeast corner of Sixth and H Street. Its admirers called it the Sixth Street pump, and it had about as many constituents as any other pump in town. Its place is now supplied by a hydrant. As a trysting place it was far in advance of an oak tree with a hollow in it, and many youthful lovers have gathered at its fount and steeped themselves in bliss with dreams of love. It was chock-a-block full of romance. Who would ever think of love-making at a diminutive upstart of a hydrant? The idea is preposterous.

The White House Spring.

But there are some of these hydrants that have material claim to respect, because of the brand of water they furnish. Notably are the hydrant on the west side of Thirteenth Street, almost in the middle of the block, and its sister on the northeast corner of Fourteenth and G Streets. They give an abundance of clear, cold water, that comes from the old spring in Franklin Square. This same water is furnished by a main line to the White House and many Presidents have quenched their thirst with it. The hydrants referred to are supplied by side pipes and furnish the same exhilarating liquid. They are as well patronized as any of the old pumps were and thoroughly deserve the friendly consideration in which they are held.

Then there are other hydrants, notably one on the corner of Indiana Avenue and Third Street, the water from which comes from a spring somewhere, and its handle—it has a handle somewhat like that of the old pump outfashioned of wood—is almost constantly in use. Hundreds daily stop to drink from it and housemaids with their pitchers and buckets are almost constantly surrounding it. The pavement about these hydrants is always splashed, and it is next to impossible for a thirsty man, if he is thirsty for water, to give them the go-by.

School boys frequently held functions at the pump and settled differences with fisticuffs. "I'll see you at the pump after school," was the sure indication of an entertainment that many a staid old citizen has participated in when filled with the flush and vigor of adolescence. There should be some latter-day Samuel Wordsworth to immortalize in verse the old relics of days that will never return, as that good poet did the

"Old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket
Which hung in the well."

NEWS NOTES OF ART AND THE WORK OF LOCAL ARTISTS

THE annual meeting of the Washington Water Color Club was held at the studios of Miss Perrie and Miss Solomon, on Saturday night, the 7th inst. This annual event is the most interesting of all of the meetings of this enthusiastic society, which, during the past year has duly established its position as the most progressive art society of Washington. The record made during the year is ample ground for congratulation, while none of the members are yet satisfied that the best attainments possible have been reached. It is a notable fact that while this club is much younger than the Society of Washington Artists, that its average, judged from exhibition standards, are higher than that of the older organization. At the last annual exhibition the Water Color Club exhibited 133 of the 143 pictures, the out-of-town representation being limited to ten pictures. At the annual exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists over 50 per cent of the pictures accepted were from exhibitors outside of this city. While statistics are not entertaining, they are sometimes valuable in determining the relative value of matters in which the standards being equal, numbers fix the relative strength. The election of officers resulted in the choice of W. H. Holmes, president; Miss Bertha E. Perrie, vice president; Miss Grace Atwater, secretary; Carl Weller, treasurer, and a board of managers consisting of H. Hobart Nichols, W. F. Curtis, and James H. Moser. At the close of the business meeting refreshments were served, and the evening closed with dancing.

In the loan exhibition of the Corcoran Galley there is a conspicuous water color of the earlier English school, marked for its strict adherence to good drawing and absence of impressionistic suggestions. The painting referred to is entitled "Juliet and Her Nurse," a theme suggested by the Shakesperean play of "Romeo and Juliet," not a new one for the painter's art, and both painters and engravers have given the subject their own ideas of interpretation. The painting is of good size for a water color, and is the work of Juliana Russell, and was painted more than thirty years ago.

James H. Moser has during the past two weeks been exhibiting at his studio a collection of water colors. While public notice of this exhibition has been omitted, as it has been confined to friends of the artist, those who have the opportunity to examine the work exhibited have been well repaid for the visit to the studio. The water colors are largely from the Adirondack section, where the artist has spent his summer vacations, and, while those fond of water colors which are purely topographical in their character may feel that too little attention has been paid to the production of literal transcrips of a particular spot, none can fail to recognize the fact that these are paintings of conditions and impressions rather than localities, that there is much heart work in this art, that the out-of-doors feeling is prevalent, and that in color and sentiment there is much to admire and remember.

The appearance of F. Hopkinson Smith on the lecture platform in this city during the past week, furnished an ample illustration of the versatility of Mr. Smith in another direction. The career of this popular author, lecturer, illustrator, and painter, is an unanswerable argument to the idea that man is gifted with talents in only one direction. While his earlier days were engrossed in business pursuits, he has not only been successful as a business man, but has shown an equal talent along other lines of more congenial development, and at the age of sixty-four he is still vigorous and life is for him full of bright coloring. In addition to the accomplishments mentioned, Mr. Smith is fond of music, and plays the piano with that same feeling of acquaintance that is shown by his other accomplishments.

The following criticism from a Philadelphia paper, seems to furnish in condensed form what many artists think concerning Chartran's portrait of President Roosevelt: "In an attitude far from strenuous, his wavy chestnut hair coming conventionally against a mass of chestnut leaves in the background, our honored President, Theodore Roosevelt, aged about twenty-seven, may be seen done in oil, by M. Theobald Chartran, daily for the remainder of the month, at the galeries of Knoedler & So., New York."

The exhibition of paintings by old masters, mentioned in this column last week will be continued at Veerhoff's galleries during the coming week.

Ground has been broken for the erection of the St. Gaudens statue of General Sherman, in the little circle on the north side of the plaza near the entrance to Central Park, New York. It is expected that this statue will be unveiled on Decoration Day, and that the Secretary of War will make the principal address.

It is rumored that in the near future there will be presented to the city of Chicago a magnificent museum, the gift of the wealthy merchant, Marshall Field, whose generosity in the endowment of the Field Museum at the cost of $1,000,000 will probably be exceeded in the equipment of this new museum and placing it within the reach of the people.

The Field Museum from its location at Jackson Park, is somewhat lacking in the effectiveness which should be expected from the outlay which has been made, and besides this the building in which the collection is housed is not of that permanent character desired for the work contemplated. As yet no site has been secured for this new museum, and until legislative action has been taken the question of the acceptance of this gift will not be decided. If the Legislature should decide to take such steps as will secure a site for this art museum, it is thought that the most suitable location will be on the lake front between Harrison and Van Buren Streets in that portion known as the Lake Front Park, territory which is being added to the city by the filling in of the lake and creating additional space in this manner. Another part of the proposed endeavor to make this new museum a part of the educational advantage of the city is the plan to combine this museum, and the Chicago Art Institute under the control of a board organized for the purpose of caring for both of these museums, and to provide a fund by taxation which will insure an annual fund to be diveded between these two institutions of $100,000. With the erection of this new museum the Field Museum at Jackson Park will transfer its treasures to the later museum, and Chicago will then have within a short distance of the business center of the city two museums in which the fine arts and the liberal arts will be at the service of the people and at a cost to the taxpayers so trifling that in comparison with the increased advantages obtained will seem a privilege instead of a burden.

Considerable amusement is created in New York at the expense of the municipal art commission, by the publication of a statement in one of the papers relating that the firm of architects having in charge the erection of the new hall of records, becoming tired with the repeated rejection of the plans submitted by a capable sculptor, instructed the sculptor to submit copies of some of the details of the ornamentation of conspicuous public buildings of the Old World. Acting on this advice the sculptor sent in copies of the mural decorations of St. Peter's in Rome, designed by Michael Angelo, of the pillars of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, of which Phaxiteles was the architect and of the scroll work designed for the Vatican by Leonardo da Vinci. As the story is told these drawings were also rejected with the remark that the ideas were crude and inartistic. In reply to this charge the commission has furnished a statement that the report of the repeated rejection of the plans submitted is without foundation, and that the report that the copies of the plans of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Praxiteles, were also rejected by the commission as "crude and inartistic" is without a scintilla of truth for a basis.

Public buildings, however, like public men, seem to be the target for public criticism. This is due without doubt to a feeling of public ownership in the buildings and the men. This city has not heard the last of the unfavorable criticisms which have been passed upon the Pension Office. During the time that the postoffice was building the comedians, end men, and vaudeville stars all had their fling at this building. The Library of Congress seems to have been the only exception to this rule, and since the completion of the improvements to the Executive Mansion the multitude of adverse criticisms would fill a large volume. In answer to the turmoil which has been raised concerning the improvements to the Executive Mansion, one of the New York papers announces that the architect, Charles F. McKim, has received the gold medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and that Mr. McKim is the second American to be honored in this manner. While all good Americans will rejoice at the honor conferred upon Mr. McKim, it will be quite hard to convince many Americans that the honor thus received was in any manner due to the improvements to the White House, and while the impossibility of pleasing everybody is well recognized, there exists a general feeling that the improvements to the White House are lacking that dignity which is justly expected in any changes made to a building of that importance.

This city is not alone in the abundance of criticisms of this character. From Boston comes an emphatic protest over the character of the decorations of the Boston Public Library. Cyrus W. Redington, in the "Boston Journal," writes interestingly from his point of view, and maintains at some length that in the decoration of the library everything American has been excluded except the busts of "a few men of more or less reputation, and possibly a few names in the ceiling where they are not likely to be much noticed." Speaking of the work of Abbey, the writer says: "Ignoring a past full of great deeds, the room is decorated with paintings of an impossible and ridiculous search for the Holy Grail. This series, while full of color and form, means nothing to the average Bostonian, and occupies space that might have been devoted to something truly representative of our age and people." While commending the earlier decorations by Sargent, with the exception that, as excluding everything American, they are not worth the space they occupy, the writer in referring to the later decorations uses this language: "Those recently unveiled in the other end of the corridor are monstrous in ideal, and shock the best moral sense of the Christian people of the city." * * * "Shall we delight in taking our children to the library to see the picture that represents God in four figures with three of His faces black and unfeeling" * * * "Does religion advance by this imitation of Asiatic god-making? If so, will it not now be in order to erect a statue to Christ on the Common and a manized figure of the Almighty in some central lcation?" While the decorations referred to are the works of two of the most distinguished American artists, it seems that the real question is to determine whether such decorations should teach history or art, and if it is decided that the teaching of art is of greater importance than the teaching of history, the question may then well be asked if the best things in art have been placed before the people.

The most expensive art collection in this country, that of J. Pierpont Morgan, estimated to have cost $10,000,000, is soon to have a home in New York. A marble building will be erected next door to his residence on the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, fronting 115 feet on Thirty-sixth Street. This building will be lighted by a central dome, and the building will resemble somewhat in modeling the Columbia College library.

As a collector Mr. Morgan has included all of the rare and beautiful varieties in art in his collection. To secure this collection has taken many years of patient search and an unlimited purse. As a judge of the works of the old masters, many connoisseurs are willing to abide by his judgment in the matter of values and merits, and while the making of this museum a public museum admits works of art duty free, the city and the country at large have great cause to rejoice over the opportunity of having so much that is the best in art placed within their opportunity to enjoy.

CHARLES E. FAIRMAN.

MRS. HURLBURT, "MOTHER OF THE MARINE CORPS"

KNOWN to every man who has seen service in the United States Marine Corps, and loved by the men in the ranks with an affection second only to that felt by them for their own mothers, is Mrs. A. Hurlburt, whose kindly deeds for the boys in "blue blouses with pipings of red" have made her name famous wherever the trusty emblem of the Corps, the globe and anchor, surmounted by the eagle, can be found. And that is equivalent to saying, anywhere in the world, for the Marine's sphere of duty is not circumscribed by any geographical limits. Mrs. Hurlburt's kindlinesses have won for her the highest name in the power of her boys to bestow. It is no idle thing that she is called "The Mother of the Corps."

Quiet and unassuming, she goes among the men and makes the acquaintance of each one personally. Her sweet motherly face and hair of silver white, are a sure passport to the heart of the man behind the rifle, and she would need no other introduction, even though her fame were not spread abroad. Her good deeds are not known to civilians, however, for it is to the boys in uniform that she most particularly addresses herself.

Mrs. Hurlburt's home is in Utica, N. Y. She is a woman of wealth, and her friendship for her "boys" springs from her ardent patriotism. When the little band of marines, in their hastily built entrenchments at Guantanamo were holding half a Spanish army corps at bay, the sublime bravery displayed on the soil of Cuba, first awakened her interest in this branch of the service—the branch that is usually selected, when there arises any kind of trouble abroad, to "go in first."

Not a Tract Distributer.

Since then the marines have known her as one of their dearest friends. At first they were puzzled. She did not distribute any tracts, nor did she lecture to them on temperance, or point out to them the evil of their ways. They were sorely perplexed for a time, until the truth dawned upon them that Mrs. Hurlburt was simply trying to lighten the burdens of men whose duties, when they are at the front, are always of the most exacting nature.

Since the close of the Spanish-American war there has not departed a single detail of marines for foreign service, whether to China, to the isthmus, or to the Philippines, without a farewell from Mrs. Hurlburt. Each departing company receives from her a silk United States flag, and she seeks out the men who are going abroad and takes down their names. Many are invited to dine with her at her hotel, and when they do so, she always insists that they shall come in uniform, not in "cits."

Visit to Washington.

When the latest detail for duty in the Philippines left Washington a few weeks ago, Mrs. Hurlburt came to this city a few days previous in order to become acquainted with all who were going in the company, leaving for this purpose her winter home in the Adirondacks. It would have been the same had the men set out from Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York.

While the "boys" are abroad, Mrs. Hurlburt does not forget them. She has the name of each enlisted man, and the section of the country he comes from. To each man she sends periodicals and newspapers—newspapers published near the home of the man they are intended for, if possible—and stationery and stamps, to be used in "writing home."

Presents Sent Direct to the Men.

These things are sent to the men themselves; never through an officer, and many a man, besides, is cheered by the receipt of a letter from the "Mother of the Corps." What letters and reading matter mean to a man who is on garrison duty over seas only one who has been through it himself can understand.

And if anyone while in the barracks at home should be so unfortunate as to get into what in marine parlance is called "the brig"—known to landsmen by the name of guardhouse—an appeal to Mrs. Hurlburt is sure to mitigate the severity of the sentence. It is told of her that she has gone direct to headquarters in behalf of some unfortunate, and so persuasive has her eloquence been that, to quote one who knows, "the colonel almost apologized for locking him up."

In Sands Street, Brooklyn, opposite the Brooklyn Navy Yard, there stands the building of the naval branch of the Y. M. C. A. In this building is a room set apart entirely for the use of the marines. It is known as the Mrs. Hurlburt room. It was furnished entirely by her, and in it are books and other reading matter intended for the boys.

Little Things Much Needed.

Many times, when the details are going abroad, things that soldiers need in the field—needles and thread—find their way into the boxes. There is no mystery about it. These are presents from the "Mother of the Corps."

A Ballade of Lent.

The days of penance are at hand;
Maidens and men are nobly bent
On self-denial, duly planned
According to the rules of Lent.
Away with idle merriment—
Dinners and dances, cards and plays!
We play the pious penitent—
But only for the forty days.

Flirtation by Jeannette is banned;
My mood is likewise reverent;
To church I go, at her command,
And hear the sermon, eloquent
Of deeds undone and time misspent;
We vow reform; and who shall raise
The question if it's permanent,
Or only for the forty days?

While self-denial rules the land,
The world of fashion must invent
Amusements of a harmless brand—
Pastimes to suit the innocent;
The sins we love must now be blent
With piety—for fashion pays
Profound regard to precedent—
But only for the forty days.

Satan, you grumbler, be content!
Though we renounce you and your ways,
And think it proper to repent,
It's only for the forty days!

—Frank Roe Batcheider, in Life.

EYES OF THE "SPORTY" NOW TURNED ON BENNING TRACK

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

the Hunt Club race this spring, and there is a larger list of entries for the spring even than in the fall. The conditions of the race provide for a steeplechase handicap, for hunters four years old and upward, qualified under the rules of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association that have been regularly hunted in the season of 1902-1903 with the Chevy Chase hounds, and that are so certified by the master. By subscription of $25 each, play or pay, the Washington Jockey Club to add plate to the value of $550, of which $400 goes to the winner, $100 to the second horse, and $50 to the third. All subscriptions will go to the winner except from the starters, whose entrance fees will be refunded.

The horses are to be handicapped by a committee appointed by the master of the Chevy Chase Hunt and the minimum weight is to be 145 pounds. The horses must be ridden by gentlemen approved by the master and stewards of the meeting, and the riders must wear coats of pink. In all racing conditions that call for "pink," the pink must consist of a pink hunting coat, white breeches, high silk hat or black velvet hunting cap and top boots.

Among the entries that have been received for this event are Prentiss Knutt's Twilight, which will be ridden probably by Mr. Knutt himself; Dion Carr's Joe Leiter, on whom Mr. Carr will have the mount; Van Ness Phillips' Hari Kari, with whom Mr. Phillips will try to repeat his victory of last spring; H. Rozier Dulany's Kalorama, John S. Larcombe's Jacobel, Reed Knox's Royal Stag, which will be ridden by Mr. Knox; Chester Carr's LeMoon, and Clarence Moore's Masterpiece. Besides those named there are other entries by Arthur Snyder, Frederick Huidekoper, and Mr. Elkins.

All of the horses have been receiving a careful preparation for the race and the various owners are each confident of winning. The most prominent candidates are Jacobel, LeMoon, Masterpiece, Hari Kari, and Royal Stag.